

# Democratic Watchman

Bellefonte, Pa., March 7, 1924.

## PUBLIC PATRIOTIC MASS MEETING AT STATE COLLEGE.

Through the courtesy of Nittany Post, No. 245, of State College, a cordial invitation was extended to the borough council, College authorities, fraternal organizations, and every patriotic citizen of the community to participate in paying tribute to our former commander-in-chief of the American forces, Woodrow Wilson, and to honor the memory of our statesmen who through the guidance of the radiance that streams from the five points of the star of Bethlehem have proven to the world that they possessed at least five essential elements or vitamins of character that lay the corner-stone of a great Democracy; namely vision, faith, love, service and courage.

Only the "faithful band of one hundred and twenty" responded to the call of the voice of the unknown soldier, appealing for justice. For unknown reasons the "500" did not heed the call for justice, nor were they willing to respond to the guidance of the radiance that streams from the five points of the star of Bethlehem.

However, the small band that so nobly responded, felt well rewarded through the joy of singing "Onward Christian Soldiers," inspired by a patriotic selection by the College cadet band. Patriotic talks by "Four Minute" men of home talent caliber, singing of America and the voice of the dead pleading for justice to the living in words as follows:

### VISION.

"Where there is no vision we perish."

Many thanks to the men of vision who saw a bright future for America. Due to their visions America lives today. Beautiful thoughts through vision prompt souls to action and mould beautiful characters. Character determines the destiny of the individual, the State and the Nation. We have a natural law whereby every atom of matter will one day sink to the level of its destiny. Stone due to its character sinks to the level of its density in the sea. Wood, due to its character remains on the surface. The same analogy is true with every individual character, every organization, every State and every Nation. The greater the vision we have of God and His plans for the world, the greater will be our rise above the surface to loftier and more noble attainments. But we also must remember, the greater the rise the greater the fall, especially when our vision is marred. History is the record of the deeds of man, and history repeats itself. Rome fell and great was the fall thereof. So it will be true of America if we have a vision of gold and silver under the dome of our national capitol. Let us not err in vision, nor refuse to be obedient to Heavenly visions.

### FAITH.

Faith is another essential vitamin of character. Through vision we gain a knowledge of God's plan, and through faith we guide and direct our forces. Faith is the foundation of the temple we plan to build. Sound faith in God and our country will build a firm foundation on a rock that will not wash away with the first flood of corrupt propaganda. Faith is the substance of things hoped for, and through which we are assured of inheriting the promises of God. Is America going to live rich in faith, or have faith in riches and in the gold bars held in reserve? Shall gold be our god, or shall faith in God serve as the foundation stone?

### LOVE.

Love is the attitude of the Soul toward God and man. Love is the most Heavenly vitamin of human character, and one of the greatest graces of God. "Greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for his friends."

Many of the boys that sleep in Flanders have paid the full price of love, thousands of boys in our midst have much evidence of their love; and service records of millions show the bonds of love and respect our service men have rendered to God and to our country. The command comes from God, "Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you; that ye may be the children of your Father in Heaven."

For five long years the ex-service men have been obliged to love their enemies within their midst, have blessed many of their enemies with gold, have done much good for them otherwise, and the real American soldiers through vision, faith and love are praying for their enemies within their own land. The loving Souls that sleep in Flanders cry out, "What shall the harvest be?"

### SERVICE.

Service, the fourth vitamin of character, squares the measurement of every good American citizen in the sight of God and man, for vision, faith, and love without service is dead. The structure is incomplete. Service constructs the temple of character and makes it fit for vision, faith and love to live in. The real soldier is enduring in service and is willing to help build temples of character throughout the world which will help make this world of ours a better place to live in.

Is America willing to pay her debt of gratitude to the American soldier, who renders service at the temple of character building for America's future welfare? "They shall put you out of the temples; yea, the time cometh, that whosoever killeth you will think that he doeth God service." Many ex-service men are slowly dying from poisoned gas inhaled during the war. It is well, fellow comrades, that we didn't live under the dome of the temple of our capitol the past four years, and have only visions of gold, faith in gold, love for gold, and only willing to render service to gold.

### COURAGE.

The fifth vital point of the vitamin star of character is courage. It requires moral courage today to say as

did St. Paul, "I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ for it is the power of God unto salvation." If the voices of our fallen comrades cease to be silent, and somehow send a message to the living, as did the rich man of old, saying: "Render to Caesar that which is Caesar's, and that which is God's unto God," then ingratitude may not be the world's reward? But not until America will fight the good fight of vision, faith, love, service and courage, on the five points of the star, will America be a fit place for all of us to live in. A Nation without a soul is dead. May the light from the five points of the star of Bethlehem awaken the soul of America to a just sense of her obligation to the ex-service men, who through vision, faith, love, service and courage, have built a temple not made with hands, and fit for every American to live in.

### THREE COLORS OF THE GOLD MELLON.

Every mellow that grows changes in color from time to time. First it is green, which is an indication of life, then it turns yellow and indicates prosperity and weak backbone; with age it turns black, and is condemned by vitamin research experts as unfit for food. So the three colors of America's new flag are green, yellow and black. Only the men who follow the five points of the star can act as color bearers of the good old red, white and blue.

Nittany Post, No. 245, of the American Legion wishes to refer you to the five points of the star, the service men, and our future generation, as three points of argument for justice through adjusted compensation.

### "LEST YE FORGET."

The writer regards Washington as America's Father of vision and faith; Lincoln, as America's beautiful soul of love; Roosevelt, as America's greatest man of service, and Wilson as our late Father of American ideals.

Thanking the patriotic citizens of State College for helping to display a joyful vision unto the star of Bethlehem for His many blessings in the past, and with a bright hope of approaching the millennium in our home community, our State, our Nation and the world.

Very respectfully,

JOHN PIERSON.

Chairman of the Program Committee.

### THE HON. W. R. BIERLY RUMINATES GENERALLY.

Philadelphia, Pa.

It was certainly highly creditable to you and gratifying to us that you gave us a good look at that brave and jocose young "Oldone," Rumberger, whose lucubrations pleased and enlightened us, lo, these many years. Many a good laugh has he given us and now when the shadows are gathering around the silver top, we are gratified to look upon that stalwart form once more. Many happy years yet to him!

I dropped in to see my friend Hause at 10th and Walnut yesterday to read the latest arraignments of governmental rottenness through administration, by misrepresentatives of the people. You know who Hause is, don't you? Formerly he was stenographer to the State Central committee when Hon. P. Gry Meek was secretary at Harrisburg. He is now secretary to the local and only Democratic committee in Philadelphia, which has a fixed habitation and a name. In the years that have passed under the State Big Four this ancient guild has been without a guerdon from on high, yet it still survives the shock of battle and the transit of time.

I turn my papers over to Mr. Hause, as he is a very worthy young man and a brother of Judge Hause, of West Chester.

A question of serious import has been raised by that bony, pugnacious judge surnamed Bonniwell, who, at the late election had the largest vote for judge of the Municipal court, a body set up here to usurp the constitutional functions of the Magistracy. It has relation to a different dome than the oleaginous dome which has besprinkled and baptized the purple-clothed flapdoodle statesmen of several administrations. It refers to the dome of an imaginary Municipal graft court house, which would cost Philadelphia a billion of dollars. Bonniwell and Walsh, with Hibernian "pep" and Scotch tenacity, are exposing the dome and by the time they get through they can write a "domeback," bound in cloth and gold, or made of corals covered with horn and call it "horn book law!" Another and less issue Bonniwell has sprung is why a half dozen un-Democratic leaders shall be permitted to name a Democratic member of the National committee, when the Republicans must submit that choice to a vote of the people, according to the State election advisors at Harrisburg.

W. R. B.

### Trap Bears.

McKean county will be open from May 1 to October 31, for the trapping of bears for stocking purposes, the State Game Commission decided at a meeting recently. The action resulted from complaints of damage caused by the animals and the desire of sportsmen in other sections that bear be more widely distributed.

The State Game Commission has allowed bears to be trapped in Potter county for several years, the captured animals being sent to other counties of the State where bruin is a practical stranger. That McKean county is to be opened to trappers is undoubtedly due to complaints of farmers who have suffered from the depredations of the animals during the closed season, when scores of sheep are annually slaughtered, the greatest loss in this direction, it is alleged, being sustained in the Marvins Creek valley between Hazelhurst and Smethport.

The Game Commission strictly enforces the regulation regarding the trapping of the animals which must not be taken in a trap which does no physical injury. They are trapped in pits, usually from which they are unable to escape and are then placed in crates and shipped by the Game Commission to counties to be stocked with the animals, where they are given their freedom.

### THE STORY OF MISSION RIDGE.

By L. A. Miller.

"By heavens! it was a splendid sight to see, for one who had no friend or brother there."

Quite recently I wrote a description of the battle and fall of Lookout mountain. The history of Lookout mountain is incomplete without giving facts pertaining to Mission Ridge. The two are so closely connected and so identical in many respects, that to do justice to the occasion I will endeavor to give a brief description of Mission Ridge. I was fortunate a few days ago, when, as my wife says, I was napping on our attic, when I incidentally found in an old trunk a much prized diary I carried with me during the Civil war unpleasantness, at which time I occasionally sent in reports from the front to the Philadelphia Inquirer. I found in my diary a hurried description of the story of Mission Ridge, which I think will be more interesting than a compilation from histories of the war. So here it goes.

Chattanooga, November 26, 1863—Hooker, capture of Lookout mountain yesterday. Was a wonderful achievement, but in point of brilliancy and in magnitude it pales before this day's work. From our position on Stringer's Ridge, a spur of Raccoon mountain, we had a complete view of both lines, except that position of Sherman's, which was at Chickamauga Station. Chattanooga is situated in the valley between Lookout mountain and Mission Ridge. They both send out encircling arms which meet, or rather overlap each other, giving the valley the appearance of an amphitheatre. At the widest part the valley does not exceed three miles in width and only about five miles long. The Tennessee river completes the enclosure by washing the terminus of Mission Ridge, sweeping past the front of the city, and hugging closely under the overhanging ledges of Lookout mountain.

Springer's Ridge, or the spine running back from Moccasin Point, is directly opposite Chattanooga and affords a perfect view of Lookout as far around as the "White House," and of Mission Ridge from the river nearly to the gap. In the midst of the valley are Forts Wood, Granger and Negley, in which are a number of fortifications. The line of work connecting these are manned by the army of the Cumberland under command of Pap Thomas. A long line of trenches or rifle pits, located outside of this line of earthworks, extends from the river around to Chattanooga creek, a small stream that flows along the side of Lookout mountain.

The Confederates were strongly entrenched on the top of Mission Ridge, and two lines of rifle pits between the base of the hill. Their lower line and our outside line were within easy rifle range, while their batteries on top of the hill could have dropped shell into any of the forts, or into Chattanooga for that matter. It was only last Saturday that General Bragg sent the following note to General Grant: "Humanity would dictate the removal of all non-combatants from Chattanooga, as I am about to shell the city."

Bragg's lines were plainly visible from ours, and his men could be seen riding or walking about. Of course they could look down upon us, but Sherman had moved up quietly behind the hills and taken a position opposite where Mission Ridge juts up to the river, without being discovered. When it was found that Bragg knew of his coming, Howard's men were brought over from Kelley's fort, and marched into Chattanooga for the purpose of leading Bragg to think it was Sherman.

Last night Colonel Smith succeeded in throwing a pontoon bridge across the river, and this morning a detachment of Sherman's men crossed over, surprised and captured the pickets and secured lodgment in a good position to cover the passage of the remainder of the force.

It was about 8 o'clock when the firing broke out at that point, and it was quite lively for a while. There was great activity among the troops on the hill, and unbroken lines of couriers galloped to and from Bragg's headquarters.

By the aid of a field glass we could see General Bragg, or we supposed it was him, come out to the front of his quarters and take surveys of the situation. No sooner had Sherman been heard from, than Hooker began swinging along the face of Lookout mountain toward the gap leading to the rear of Bragg's position. Columns that had been seen moving toward Sherman, were now seen to turn and hasten back toward Hooker. The ridge became alive with soldiers and studded with fluttering flags.

General Thomas threw out a line of skirmishers, and a strong one, too, which made a half mile run and captured the first line of rifle pits. It was a hot run, for the Johnnies were expecting the attack, and were ready for it. Their second line joined in the fray, and the batteries from the hill-top rained shot and shell into the valley below. The puffs of smoke from their cannon which at first appeared to be about the size of your fist and as white as a bunch of cotton, would gradually grow larger and thinner as they disappeared in air. Owing to their distance they seemed to be stationary, and at times they would so rapidly pop into view, apparently from nowhere, that the heavens were studded with them.

Noon came, but no one wanted dinner; we were too much interested in what was going on in the front. The light wind that was blowing carried the smoke away, and the bright sunshine showed the lines distinctly. Hour by hour the excitement became more intense.

Is Sherman in position yet? Can he hold out until Hooker strikes at the other end? Why in the name of all the Gods doesn't Thomas move? and a thousand other questions were asked. Three o'clock came, the smoke from Sherman's line was farther along the ridge. Batteries were moved from the crest of the hill and then voices soon mingled with the musketry showing that Sherman was doing business back there. A big puff of smoke from Fort Wood caused a shout

to go up from our camp. This was followed at regular intervals of about half a minute by five others. It was the signal for a general attack. Scarcely had the last shot died out when two lines of blue coats appeared in front of the works as if by magic, and a moment later began moving rapidly toward the ridge.

"They've got it, they've got it," shouted Lieutenant Thomas, who was watching movements through a field glass.

"Got what?" yelled everybody.

"Got the works. The rebels are scampering up the hill like rabbits."

The instructions were to go no farther than this line until so ordered, but on they went—not at a run, for the hill was steep and they were exposed to a rattling fire, but slowly from rock to rock and tree to tree, loading and firing as they went. The lines were nearly all V shaped, with the apex toward the crest of the hill. This peculiar formation was caused by the color guards pushing ahead, while the wings of the regiments lagged. But on they went. Suddenly there was a tremendous flash just at Bragg's headquarters. It followed so closely a shot from Fort Wood that we concluded a shell had penetrated a powder magazine, but it was only a caisson.

"It's there!" shouted the Lieutenant as he jumped down from the roof of a shanty where he had been perched, threw up his hat and shouted again, "It's there!"

We knew he meant the old flag, and we all shouted. Just then the cloud of smoke lifted and we could see our men turning the famous Bragg battery, that had so long frowned upon us, and using it against the fleeing hosts that had a moment before yelled defiantly at our men to come and take the battery if they wanted it. This was one of the few places where there were hand-to-hand fights over the guns.

It was now but 3:45 o'clock, the whole affair having lasted only three-quarters of an hour. The sun, as it slowly settled behind towering Lookout, bridged the valley of the Chattanooga with silver rays that illuminated the crest of Mission Ridge where fluttered, half a hundred riddled, tattered, smoke-begrimed and blood-stained flags with "every stripe and every star." The valley below was in deep shadow, for it was then the valley of death. Five hundred brave men gave up their lives in that valley and on that hillside during that fateful three-quarters of an hour, while a thousand and more lay bleeding and shivering beneath the pall of smoke that was slowly settling down and hiding the scene from outside view.

Oh! flag, glory-rifted, Today thunder-drifted, Like a flower of strange grace upon Lookout's grim surge, On some Federal field, A new tale shall be told, And the record immortal emblazon thy verge. —B. F. Taylor.

—When you see it in the "Watchman" it's true.

### MEDICAL.

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